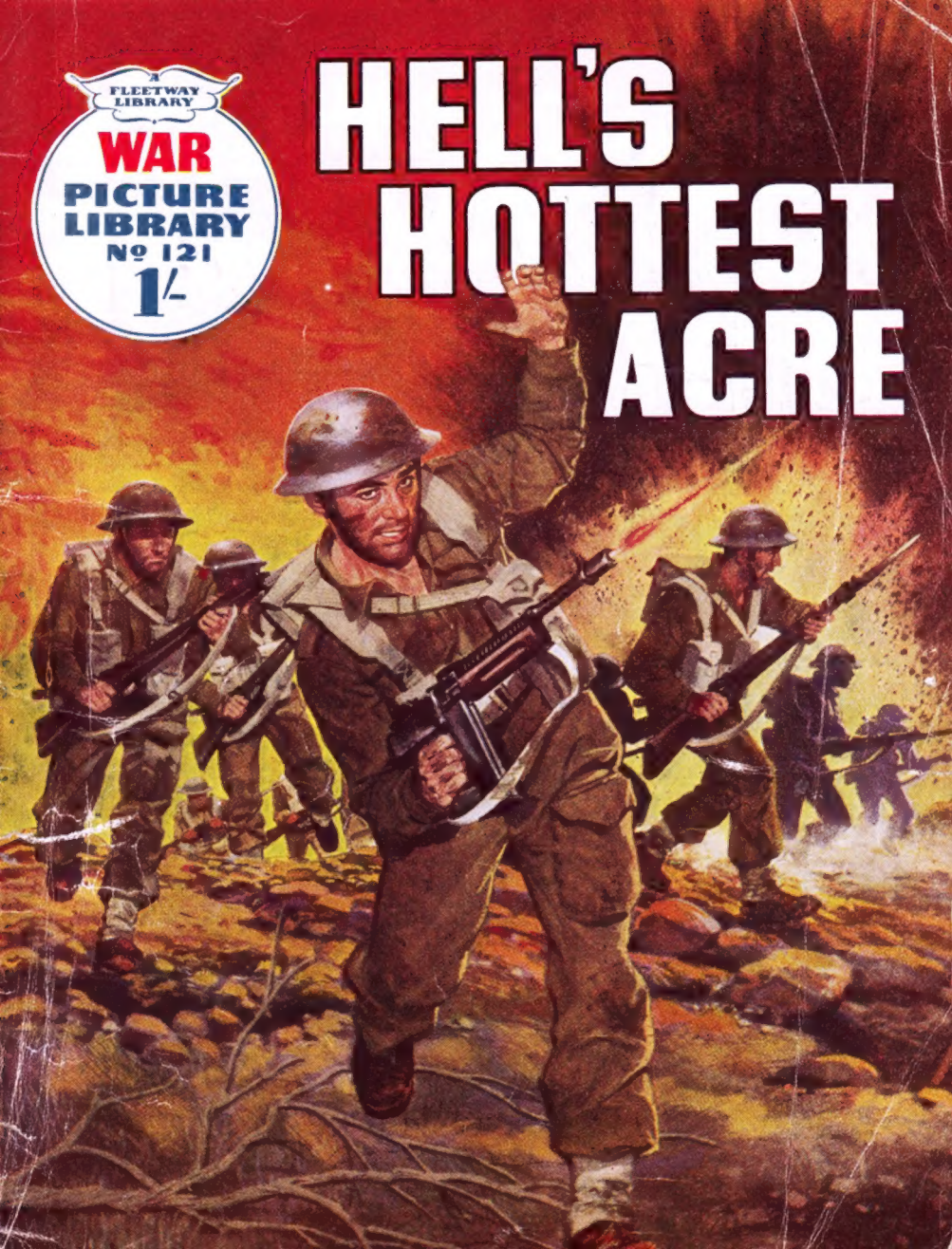
A FLEETWAY LIBRARY

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No 121

1/-

HELL'S HOTTEST ACRE



NEW!

ACTION PACKED BOOK OF REAL WAR STORIES

Here's something new in thrills and adventure! Lots of powerful stories and picture stories based on REAL events from World War II. Vivid battle scenes in full colour—the Sinking of the Bismarck—the Red Devils at Arnhem—true stories about winners of the Victoria Cross.

Get the NEW

'LION' BOOK OF WAR ADVENTURES

On sale now 8/6 Price applies to U.K. only

HELL'S HOTTEST ACRE

© Fleetway Publications Ltd., 1961

Chapter 1. DISASTER

HACKETT'S QUESTION DREW AN IRRITABLE RESPONSE FROM MAJOR CARRON, COMMANDING THE COMPANY...
OF COURSE IT'S CLEAR OF THE ENEMY, SERGEANT-MAJOR! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT LIEUTENANT GILMORE VOUCHED FOR THE FACT!

NEVERTHELESS HACKETT FELT CURIOUSLY UNEASY. HE WAS AWARE OF AN UNJUSTIFIED SENSE OF FOREBODING. BUT HIS INSTINCT HAD NOT LIED!
NOW, HERR HAUPTMANN?
NO, DUMKOPF! ONLY THE FIRST WAVE OF THE ENGLANDERS ARE IN OUR SIGHTS! WAIT TILL THE ENTIRE BATTALION IS MARCHING ACROSS OUR FRONT!

CARRON'S COMPANY AND OTHERS FOLLOWING HAD NOW FOOTSLOGGED ABREAST OF THE WOODED AREA. BATTALION H.Q. WAS SLIGHTLY TO THE REAR...
I WONDER JUST WHEN AND WHERE WE'LL CONTACT THE ENEMY AGAIN, SIR?
NOT TILL WE SIGHT FALAISE, I'D SAY. YOUNG GILMORE WILL GIVE US PLENTY OF WARNING... IF HE'S ON HIS TOES.

LITTLE DID LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRASER DREAM THAT YOUNG GILMORE WAS LYING DEAD IN THE UNDERGROWTH OVER TO THEIR RIGHT... OR THAT THE WOODS WERE ALIVE WITH FLINT-EYED NAZIS... WATCHING... WAITING... ON THEIR TOES!
FEUER!

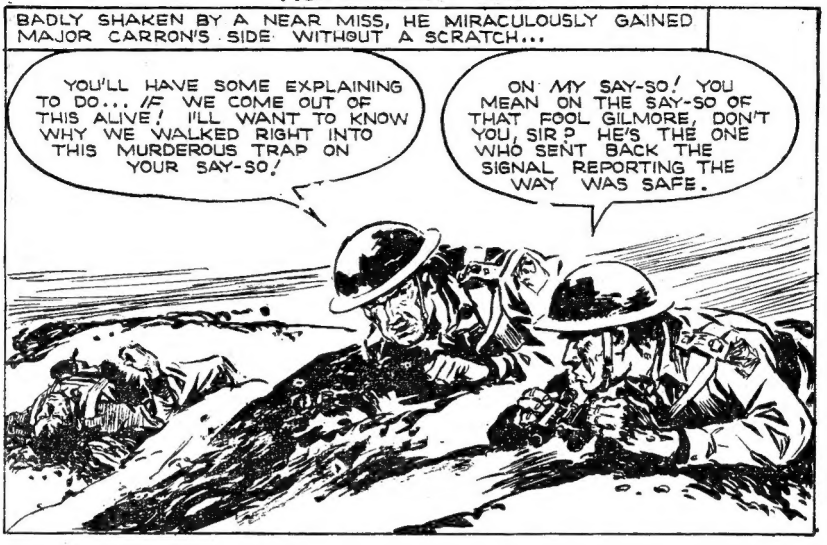
THE WOOD ERUPTED FLAME AND THE AIR ROCKED TO THE MONSTROUS, SOUL-CHILLING THUNDER OF A BATTERY OF EIGHTY-EIGHTS...
GREAT HEAVENS!
GET DOWN, SIR! GET DOWN!

THE MAJOR FLUNG HIMSELF TO THE GROUND... ONLY JUST IN TIME. AN INSTANT LATER, THE EARTH GEYSERED CLOSE BY...
AAARGH!

MORTARS BEGAN TO COUGH THEIR DEADLY BOMBS INTO THE INFERNO...
THE BATTALION WAS SUFFERING TERRIBLE CASUALTIES FROM THE 88-MILLIMETRE GUNS, TOO. THEN THE RATTLE OF SMALL-ARMS FIRE BEGAN TO PUNCTUATE THE TUMULT OF THE ARTILLERY BOMBARDMENT...
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRASER SHOUTED THROUGH THE DIN OF THE MERCILESS AMBUSCADE...
GO TO GROUND! TAKE COVER! OPEN UP ON THAT WOOD AND GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!

THE MEN OF THE BRITISH UNIT REACTED MAGNIFICENTLY. THE FEROCIOUS ONSLAUGHT HAD TAKEN THEM COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE BUT THERE WAS NO PANIC. THE SURVIVORS FLATTENED OUT AND HIT BACK...
THAT'S IT, LADS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

THE COLONEL ROARED ENCOURAGEMENT AS HE BROKE INTO A RUN. INWARDLY, THOUGH, HE WAS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH FURY AND BITTERNESS, FOR HIS MEN WERE STILL BEING BUTCHERED BEFORE HIS EYES...


BADLY SHAKEN BY A NEAR MISS, HE MIRACULOUSLY GAINED MAJOR CARRON'S SIDE WITHOUT A SCRATCH...
YOU'LL HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO... IF WE COME OUT OF THIS ALIVE! I'LL WANT TO KNOW WHY WE WALKED RIGHT INTO THIS MURDEROUS TRAP ON YOUR SAY-SO!
ON MY SAY-SO! YOU MEAN ON THE SAY-SO OF THAT FOOL GILMORE, DON'T YOU, SIR? HE'S THE ONE WHO SENT BACK THE SIGNAL REPORTING THE WAY WAS SAFE.

IT WAS NOT THE TIME FOR DEBATE OR DISCUSSION. THE SITUATION WAS TOO HECTIC AND OUT THERE IN THE OPEN THE BRITISH WERE TAKING FEARFUL PUNISHMENT...
IT'S LUCKY I KEPT OUR TRANSPORT COLUMN AND THE SUPPORT COMPANY IN RESERVE. THERE'S A CHANCE THEY MAY BE ABLE TO GET US OUT OF THIS MESS... WHAT'S LEFT OF US!

THE BATTALION'S TRANSPORT AND SUPPORT COMPANY HAD BEEN TAGGING ALONG AT A CRAWL A MILE OR TWO BEHIND THE MAIN FORCE. SOON THEY WERE IN VIEW...
THERE THEY ARE NOW, SIR. THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND MUST ACT FAST...
HE'LL ACT FAST ALL RIGHT!

FRASER'S FAITH IN HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND WAS NOT MISPLACED. THE UNIT'S SUPPORTING FIRE-POWER WAS QUICKLY CONCENTRATED ON THE WOOD...

THE COLONEL WAS PROMPT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT CURTAIN OF FIRE...
I'M GIVING THE ORDER TO RETIRE... THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR IT. YOU AND THE REMNANTS OF YOUR COMPANY START WITHDRAWING, CARRON.

THE RETREAT WAS BEGUN. IT WAS A CRITICAL OPERATION, FOR THE NAZIS REDOUBLED THEIR EFFORTS TO ANNIHILATE THE BRITISH.
MAJOR HUMPHRIES, PULL "A" COMPANY BACK AS SOON AS CARRON'S CROSSED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE. MEANWHILE, YOUR MEN ARE TO KEEP FIRING.
YES, SIR.

THE BATTALION BACK-TRACKED OVER THE HIGH GROUND, CRUELLY REDUCED IN NUMBERS...
COME ON, MEN, COME ON! PILE INTO THOSE TRUCKS! HURRY IT UP!

HIS FEATURES WORKING WITH EMOTION, FRASER WATCHED AS HIS BATTALION PREPARED FOR A FORLORN JOURNEY NORTH....
THE UNIT'S AT NO MORE THAN HALF STRENGTH NOW... IF THAT. SO MANY GOOD MEN! WHAT WENT WRONG, CARRON?
GILMORE COULD PROVIDE THE ANSWER, SIR. I WISH I HAD MY HANDS ON HIM... PREFERABLY AROUND HIS THROAT!

A FEW MOMENTS MORE AND THE TRANSPORT WAS ON THE MOVE. MAJOR CARRON WAS IN THE LAST VEHICLE TO ROLL...
WAIT! WAIT!
HOLD IT, DRIVER! THERE'S ONE OF OUR CHAPS... A STRAGGLER FROM THAT SHAMBLES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE.

BUT THE STRAGGLER WAS NO STRAY FROM THE DISASTROUS ACTION IN WHICH THE BATTALION HAD BEEN INVOLVED.
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S LEACH! SERGEANT LEACH OF LIEUTENANT GILMORE'S PLATOON!

CARRON FAIRLY BOUNDED FROM THE TRUCK...
I SAW IT ALL, SIR, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO.
NEVER MIND THAT! WHAT THE BLAZES HAPPENED TO GILMORE?

LEACH ANSWERED WITH DIFFICULTY. HIS FACE, NORMALLY RUGGED IN CHARACTER, WAS HAGGARD NOW... AND HIS SUNKEN EYES WERE THOSE OF A MAN HAUNTED BY UGLY MEMORIES...
IT'S A LONG STORY, SIR... AND IT'S ONE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE.
I DON'T SUPPOSE I AM! BUT LET'S HAVE IT, CONFOUND YOU!

HESITANTLY, THE N.C.O. GAVE CARRON THE BARE DETAILS OF THE FATE THAT HAD OVERTAKEN GILMORE'S PLATOON. THE MAJOR PROPELLED HIM TOWARDS THE WAITING TRUCK...
I'LL TRAVEL IN THE BACK WITH THE SERGEANT. AS SOON AS WE'RE SETTLED, GET CRACKING AND CATCH UP WITH THE REST OF THE COLUMN.

CARRON CLIMBED OVER THE TAILBOARD. LEACH DRAGGED HIMSELF WEARILY INTO THE VEHICLE AFTER HIM...

LEACH, YOU CAN WHITEWASH YOUNG GILMORE BUT IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND. IN ANY CASE, YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR FACTS STRAIGHT...

A COURT OF ENQUIRY TOOK PLACE NEXT DAY IN A REQUISITIONED SCHOOL-HOUSE IN A NORMANDY VILLAGE. A BRIGADIER PRESIDED AND MAJOR CARRON WAS ONE OF THE MATERIAL WITNESSES...

MAJOR, I WANT TO PUT TWO QUESTIONS. FIRSTLY, COULD YOUR INSTRUCTIONS TO GILMORE HAVE BEEN MISUNDERSTOOD?

NO, SIR. I MADE IT PERFECTLY PLAIN HE AND HIS PLATOON WERE TO RECONNOITRE THE WOODED AREA ON THE RIGHT FLANK...

THE BRIGADIER NODDED, WELL SATISFIED BY THAT CRISP AND EMPHATIC REPLY. THEN HE FIXED AN INTENT SCRUTINY ON THE MAJOR ...
SECONDLY, DID YOU HAVE CONFIDENCE IN LIEUTENANT GILMORE'S ABILITY AS AN OFFICER?
WHY, YES, SIR. IF I'D HAD ANY DOUBTS ON THAT SCORE I'D NEVER HAVE CHOSEN HIM FOR SUCH A MISSION... ONLY I MUST ADMIT THAT I... I...

CARRON HESITATED, AS IF RELUCTANT TO SAY WHAT WAS IN HIS MIND. THE BRIGADIER HAD TO PROD HIM WITH AN INSISTENT WORD OR TWO...
YES MAJOR? COME, YOU MUST NOT CONCEAL ANYTHING.
WELL, SIR, I DON'T WISH TO SEEM DISPARAGING. BUT I KNOW GILMORE WAS DISLIKED BY HIS MEN. I CAN BEST ILLUSTRATE THAT BY COMPARING HIM WITH AN OFFICER HE REPLACED AS COMMANDER OF FOURTEEN PLATOON.
...AND STRAIGHT AWAY MAJOR CARRON BEGAN TO GIVE HIS VERSION OF THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE CALAMITY WHICH HAD OVERTAKEN THE BATTALION...

Chapter 2. The MILITARY TRADITION

RUSTY BURGESS... FROM THE COLONEL DOWN, THE WHOLE BATTALION KNEW HIM AS SUCH. THE BIG, RED-HEADED SUBALTERN WHO HAD COMMANDED 14 PLATOON IN NORTH AFRICA AND WHO LED IT ASHORE ON D-DAY...

COME ON, BOYS! LET'S GET AT 'EM!

WE'RE WITH YOU, SIR! GO IT, RUSTY!

RUSTY...THAT WAS WHAT HIS MEN CALLED HIM, TOO; NOT ON PARADE, BUT CERTAINLY IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE...AND THERE WAS NO DISRESPECT IN THE TERM... ONLY A WEALTH OF AFFECTION AND A BLIND ADMIRATION FOR HIS PROWESS...

LATCH ON TO THAT NEST OF HORNETS, GRIFFITHS! KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN, TAFFY!

TAFFY GRIFFITHS FLOPPED DOWN IN THE SAND. HE WAS THE BREN-GUNNER OF NUMBER ONE SECTION, AND AS FULL OF FIRE AS THE TWENTY-EIGHT CARTRIDGES IN THE MAG OF HIS L.M.G...
RIGHT, SIR! I'LL TAKE THE STING OUT OF 'EM! THEY'RE ALL YOURS!

RUSTY WENT UP THAT BEACH IN A TEARAWAY RUSH WITH THE REST OF THE PLATOON AT HIS HEELS. NEEDLESSLY, SERGEANT LEACH CHIVVIED THEM FORWARD...
KEEP GOING! FOR CRYING OUT LOUD... YOU CAN MOVE FASTER THAN THAT! GET UP AMONG THOSE DUNES!

THEY HAD NO HOPE OF OVERHAULING THEIR SUBALTERN, THOUGH. HEFTY AS HE WAS, HE COULD RUN LIKE A STAG...
NO, YOU DON'T, FRITZ! HANDS OFF THAT TRIGGER!

A SLUG FROM THE LIEUTENANT'S THIRTY-EIGHT PUT PAID TO THE NAZI MACHINE-GUNNER. ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY A GERMAN RIFLE THUMPED OUT A WILDLY AIMED SHOT THAT SPUN THE PISTOL FROM HIS HAND...
ACCURSED ENGLANDER!

THE MAN WITH THE RIFLE WHIPPED BACK THE BOLT TO RELOAD FOR ANOTHER CRACK AT RUSTY BURGESS. UNARMED NOW, THE LIEUTENANT FLUNG HIMSELF FORWARD ...

HE SWEPT ASIDE THE RIFLE-BARREL WITH HIS LEFT... AND SWUNG HIS RIGHT BUNCHED KNUCKLES SMACK ON TO THE NAZI'S JOWL ...
WHAM! WHAT A BEAUTY!
COR, RATHER THAT JERRY THAN ME!

UNDER THAT SWASHBUCKLING LEADERSHIP, FOURTEEN PLATOON RAMPAGED THROUGH THE DUNES, ROOTING OUT POCKETS OF RESISTANCE. THEY WERE DOING FINE... TILL A DIE-HARD TEUTON HURLED A GRENADE...

LOOK OUT, YOU LADS ON THE LEFT!

RUSTY LET OUT A WARNING YELL WITH THE PROTECTIVE INSTINCT OF A BEAR SHIELDING ITS CUBS.

HIT THE DIRT! DROP FLAT!

THE GRENADE STRUCK HIM, BOUNCED OFF ON TO THE GROUND IN FRONT OF HIM... AND EXPLODED!

AAAAH!

HE'S COPPED IT! RUSTY'S COPPED IT!

THE LIEUTENANT SAGGED. PAIN RAZORED THROUGH HIS RIGHT ARM. HAZILY HE BECAME AWARE OF AN ANXIOUS FACE, RECOGNISED IT AS HIS BATMAN'S...
HOW BAD IS IT, MISTER BURGESS?
IT COULD'VE BEEN WORSE, RAFFERTY ...MY WING'S BEEN CLIPPED, THOUGH, AND NO MISTAKE!

AS RAFFERTY ASSISTED THE WOUNDED LIEUTENANT TO THE REAR, MAJOR CARRON ORDERED SERGEANT LEACH TO TAKE THE PLATOON FORWARD.
I WONDER WHEN WE'LL SEE MISTER BURGESS AGAIN, SIR.
THAT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS. WE'LL MISS HIM. HE WAS THE BEST SUBALTERN IN THE COMPANY. ADVANCE WITH YOUR PLATOON, SERGEANT.

BY THE EVENING OF THAT FIRST DAY OF THE NORMANDY INVASION, THE BRITISH HAD CAPTURED THE TOWN OF BAYEUX. THERE, CARRON RECEIVED NEWS OF BURGESS...

RUSTY'S BEING EVACUATED TO ENGLAND, MAJOR. THE M.O. TOLD ME HIS ARM SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT — IN TIME!

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT, COLONEL FRASER. HIS LOSS WILL BE FELT.

THE NEXT OBJECTIVE WAS THE CITY OF CAEN, BUT THERE THE GERMANS STOOD FIRM FOR FOUR LONG AND BITTER WEEKS. IT WAS DURING THIS PERIOD THAT A NEW OFFICER JOINED THE UNIT...

I BROUGHT THIS YOUNG 'LOOT' OUT TO YOU. HE'S DAVID GILMORE, ASSIGNED TO YOUR COMPANY AS SUCCESSOR TO RUSTY BURGESS.

CARRON NOTED THE YOUNG OFFICER'S TRIM APPEARANCE AND HIS PUNCTILIOUS SALUTE... SO OUT OF PLACE IT SEEMED, WITH THE ENEMY ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...
DAVID GILMORE... THE NAME RINGS A BELL...
PRIDE SHOWED ON THE REPLACEMENT'S CLEAN-CUT FEATURES...
GILMORES HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH THIS REGIMENT FOR GENERATIONS, SIR. MY FATHER IS NOW GENERAL DAVID GILMORE, D.S.O., RETIRED.
SOMEHOW CARRON FELT NETTLED. HE FANCIED HE DETECTED AN AIR... OF SUPERIORITY IN THE NEWCOMER. HOWEVER, HE EXTENDED HIS HAND - PERFUNCTORILY...
GILMORE'S NEVER BEEN IN ACTION BEFORE. BUT I'M SURE THE COLONEL CAN RELY ON YOU TO SEE HIM THROUGH THE TEETHING STAGE, MAJOR.
A GENERAL'S SON, IS HE? - WELL, THIS YOUNG PUP HAD BETTER NOT GET ANY HIGH-AND-MIGHTY IDEAS.

THE ADJUTANT DEPARTED AND CARRON SPOKE TO DAVID GILMORE AGAIN...

I'LL TAKE YOU TO YOUR PLATOON H.Q. INCIDENTALLY, WE'RE BEING RELIEVED TONIGHT... WHICH IS FORTUNATE. IN RESERVE, YOU'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF GETTING TO KNOW YOUR MEN.

THE MAJOR LED THE WAY ALONG A HEDGE WHICH SCREENED HIS COMMAND-POST. AT A GAP IN THE HEDGE HE DUCKED LOW. GILMORE DID NOT AND CARRON SNAPPED OUT WORDS THAT FLOODED THE LIEUTENANT'S FACE WITH CRIMSON.

GET DOWN, MAN! TAKE YOUR CUE FROM ME, CAN'T YOU? D'YOU OBJECT TO SPOILING YOUR BATTLE-DRESS? OR ARE YOU TRYING TO LOOK A HERO?

OF COURSE NOT, SIR. YOU DROPPED SO FAST I WAS CAUGHT UNAWARES...

GILMORE WAS VERY NEARLY CAUGHT UNAWARES BY A BURST OF TRACER FROM A MACHINE-GUN. HE DIVED ALONGSIDE CARRON BEFORE THE ENEMY MARKSMAN COULD ZERO ON TO HIM...

TOGETHER, MAJOR AND LIEUTENANT CRAWLED FORWARD... BELOW THE ANGLE OF THE NAZI MACHINE-GUNNER'S VISION...

GILMORE EDGED ALONG THE SLIT, DUSTED HIMSELF DOWN FASTIDIOUSLY, THEN GLANCED AT THE OTHER MAN PRESENT...
AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
RAFFERTY, SIR. I DARESAY I'LL BE ACTING AS YOUR BATMAN. I WAS RUSTY'S FOR TWO YEARS...
GILMORE BRISTLED INSTANTLY...
SERGEANT, DETAIL THIS MAN FOR DUTY WITH ONE OF THE SECTIONS! PICK ANOTHER BATMAN FOR ME! ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO REFER TO AN OFFICER IN THE PROPER MANNER!
IT WAS THE FIRST INDICATION THAT 14 PLATOON WAS TO BE COMMANDED BY A SUBALTERN VASTLY DIFFERENT. IN OUTLOOK FROM BURGESS NEXT DAY, IN RESERVE, THE IMPRESSION WAS CONFIRMED...
SERGEANT, I'VE NEVER SEEN A MORE SLOVENLY TURN-OUT AND I DON'T INTEND TO SEE ANOTHER LIKE IT! I KNOW WE ONLY CAME OUT OF THE LINE LAST NIGHT, BUT EVERYONE'S HAD AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO GET CLEANED UP!

GILMORE ORDERED THE MEN TO FALL OUT AND PARADE AGAIN IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.
AND MAKE SURE YOU'RE SPRUCE ENOUGH TO PASS INSPECTION WHEN YOU GET BACK HERE! I SET A HIGH STANDARD AND ANY OF YOU WHO FAIL TO REACH IT WILL BE ON A CHARGE!
YOU HEARD YOUR PLATOON COMMANDER. OFF TO YOUR BILLETS AT THE DOUBLE! MOVE!

THE MUTTER OF DISGRUNTLED VOICES REACHED THE EARS OF THE COMPANY COMMANDER.
I KNEW IT, TAFFY! GILMORE'S A SPIT-AND-POLISH MANIAC, THAT'S WHAT HE IS! COR, WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE TO HAVE GOOD OLD RUSTY BACK WITH US!
WHAT WOULDN'T ANY OF US GIVE, RAFFERTY!

MAJOR CARRON AND THE COMPANY-SERGEANT-MAJOR EXCHANGED SIGNIFICANT GLANCES.
I'M PROBABLY SPEAKING OUT OF TURN, SIR, BUT I HOPE MISTER GILMORE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING. THIS IS SCARCELY THE TIME OR PLACE FOR THE SORT OF SHOW HE'S PUTTING ON.
PERHAPS NOT. ALL THE SAME, I CAN HARDLY REPRIMAND HIM FOR HIS ZEAL, SERGEANT-MAJOR.

DAVID GILMORE HAD A CHANCE TO PROVE HIS WORTH FAIRLY SOON, IN AN OFFENSIVE THAT CARRIED THE BRITISH INTO CAEN.
SEE YOUR MEN KEEP PLASTERING THE WINDOWS, SERGEANT! WE NEED ALL THE COVERING-FIRE YOU CAN GIVE US!

HIS SUBORDINATES RECKONED HE WAS EDGY. SO DID MAJOR CARRON, FOLLOWING UP WITH THE OTHER TWO PLATOONS OF HIS COMPANY AND HIS H.Q. GROUP...
IF BURGESS HAD BEEN HERE HE'D HAVE CLEARED THAT HOUSE OF ENEMY BY NOW. STILL, I SUPPOSE I CAN'T BLAME GILMORE FOR BEING CAUTIOUS.

GILMORE WAS AT THE DOOR OF A DWELLING KNOWN TO BE OCCUPIED BY "LAST-DITCH" GERMAN DEFENDERS. HE BOOTED IT OPEN...

A BLAST OF LEAD GREETED HIM. HE JUMPED CLEAR OF THAT DOORWAY AS IF HE HAD BEEN GALVANISED...
A GRENADE, SOMEBODY! CHUCK IN A GRENADE!

IT WAS RAFFERTY WHO REACTED TO HIS SHOUT... RAFFERTY, NO LONGER A BATMAN.

RAFFERTY SLUNG A CLAY GRENADE ROUND THE DOOR-POST IN A SWIFT GESTURE. IT DID NOT HAVE THE LETHAL POWER OF A MILLS 36 BUT IT WAS A MORALE-DESTROYER, FOR ALL THAT...

THE CRACK OF THE DETONATION WAS STILL ECHOING AS THE HOUSE DISGORGED ITS INMATES. THEY SPILLED OUT OF THE SHATTERED DOORWAY...
KAMERAD! KAMERAD!

WITH CAEN SECURED, THE BRITISH PUSHED SOUTH. ON COLONEL FRASER'S SECTOR OF THE BATTLE-FRONT, CONTACT WITH A FAST-RETREATING FOE WAS LOST...
CARRON, I WANT YOU TO SEND OUT A PLATOON ON A PROBING MISSION, UNDER AN OFFICER WHO'S NOT LIKELY TO GO BULL-HEADED AT THE TASK.
GILMORE'S THE MAN, SIR. HE'S NOT THE RECKLESS TYPE. MORE EFFICIENT THAN DASHING.

THE COLONEL GAVE CARRON THE ROUTE TO BE FOLLOWED AND INDICATED AN AREA WHICH WAS SUSPECT...
WE DON'T MOVE TILL GILMORE'S WIRELESSED A SITUATION-REPORT TO YOU. IF THERE'S NO ENEMY IN THAT LOCALITY, WE PRESS ON WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY.
I UNDERSTAND, SIR.

CARRON LEFT THE CONFERENCE AND WAS SOON BRIEFING DAVID GILMORE.
OKAY, GILMORE, YOU KNOW WHERE TO HEAD FOR AND WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU REACH THE MAP-REFERENCE I'VE GIVEN YOU. SEE WILSON DRAWS A WIRELESS SET FROM THE C.Q.M.S.

SHORTLY AFTER, MAJOR CARRON WATCHED GILMORE SET OFF WITH THE MEN OF 14 PLATOON...
STEP IT OUT, THERE — COME ON, DON'T LAG!
AND THAT, AS CARRON STATED AT THE COURT OF INQUIRY, WAS THE LAST HE EVER SAW OF LIEUTENANT DAVID GILMORE...

Chapter 3. KEY WITNESS

WHILST THE MAJOR SALUTED AND WITHDREW, SERGEANT LEACH WAS CALLED FROM THE WAITING ROOM.
COME ALONG, SERGEANT — YOUR TURN TO GIVE EVIDENCE.

PROMPTED BY THE BRIGADIER, SERGEANT LEACH TOOK UP THE GRIM STORY...
...WE WERE FIRED ON — AND HE PANICKED. WE MADE A FIGHT OF IT WITHOUT HIM, BUT WE WERE OVERRUN...

THE TOUGH-LOOKING SERGEANT TOLD HOW A NAZI RIFLE-BUTT HAD STRETCHED HIM SENSELESS ...
" WHEN I CAME ROUND, THE LADS WERE ALL DEAD AND MISTER GILMORE WAS A PRISONER. A GERMAN OFFICER WAS COVERING HIM WITH A LUGER, AND THE LIEUTENANT WAS GROVELLING. IT WAS— HORRIBLE ...

HE CHOKED UP AND WAS UNABLE TO CONTINUE FOR THE MOMENT.
DID GILMORE REVEAL YOUR MISSION AND FINALLY AGREE TO TRANSMIT A MESSAGE CALCULATED TO LEAD YOUR BATTALION INTO A TRAP ?
YES, SIR. THE GERMAN OFFICER THREATENED TO KILL HIM UNLESS HE DID AS HE WAS TOLD.

SERGEANT LEACH ENDED BY EXPLAINING HOW HE HAD CRAWLED AWAY UNNOTICED AND WAS THEN DISMISSED.
IT'S APPALLING. I KNEW GILMORE'S FAMILY. TO THINK OF HIM SINKING SO LOW AS TO SACRIFICE HIS UNIT—
I'M SORRY FOR HIS FATHER. THE NEWS WILL BREAK THE OLD BOY'S HEART.

IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT THEY BECAME AWARE OF A DISTURBANCE AT THE DOOR.
EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE WHO INSISTS HE MUST SPEAK TO YOU. IT CONCERNS GILMORE!
IT DOES, DOES IT? VERY WELL, HE CAN COME IN.

A SOLDIER WAS LED IN. HIS HEAD WAS BANDAGED, HIS RIGHT ARM WAS IN A SLING, HE WALKED STUMBLINGLY, WITH THE AID OF MEDICAL ORDERLIES...
GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE!
I HEARD ABOUT THE COURT OF INQUIRY. I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...AND I'LL TELL IT IF IT KILLS ME... RAFFERTY'S THE NAME, SIR...
AND RAFFERTY BEGAN HIS STORY OF LIEUTENANT GILMORE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF ANOTHER, WHO HAD BEEN WITH HIM TO THE BITTER END!

THE NARRATIVE OF PRIVATE RAFFERTY OPENED WITH THE PLATOON'S DEPARTURE ON ITS RECONNAISSANCE MISSION...

...AND WITH AN INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED BEFORE GILMORE AND HIS MEN HAD COVERED THE FIRST MILE...
WHAT'S WRONG, GRIFFITHS? IF YOU THINK YOU CAN DODGE THE COLUMN BY PUTTING ON AN ACT...
NO, SIR, IT'S NO ACT. I WAS WOUNDED IN NORTH AFRICA, AND EVERY SO OFTEN IT GIVES ME GYP. IT'LL PASS OFF, THOUGH.

DAVID GILMORE'S MANNER CHANGED AT ONCE AS HE REALISED GRIFFITHS WAS GENUINELY IN DIFFICULTIES.
ALL RIGHT, GRIFFITHS, FALL OUT AND MAKE YOUR OWN WAY BACK TO THE M.O.
NO, SIR, I'D RATHER STICK WITH THE REST OF THE LADS. I'LL MANAGE TO KEEP UP, HONEST, I WILL.
GOOD MAN! I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT. BUT YOU'RE NOT CARRYING THAT L-M-G. HERE, LET ME HAVE IT.

THE LIEUTENANT TOOK POSSESSION OF THE BREN AND STRODE TO THE HEAD OF THE PLATOON AGAIN. TAFFY GRIFFITHS SPOKE FEELINGLY TO THE OTHER MEN OF THE REAR SECTION...
FAIR PLAY, IT'S REAL DECENT OF HIM TO LUG THAT BREN.
YOU'RE RIGHT, TAFF. MAYBE WE'VE MISJUDGED HIM.

IN DUE COURSE, THE PLATOON SIGHTED AN EXPANSE OF WOODS. DAVID GILMORE EYED IT DUBIOUSLY AND CALLED A HALT...
WHAT'S UP, SIR? WE HAVEN'T COME TO THE AREA MAJOR CARRON MENTIONED.
I KNOW THAT, SERGEANT. BUT I'M WONDERING IF THAT WOOD HAS BEEN TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT. GET WILSON TO CHECK WITH THE MAJOR.

WHILE WILSON CALLED UP CONTROL, THE YOUNG SUBALTERN TOOK A CLOSER LOOK AT THE BOCAGE...
HELLO, OBOE ONE ... HELLO, OBOE ONE...

THERE WAS NO SIGN OF MOVEMENT IN THE WOOD, YET DAVID WAS NOT SATISFIED.
I COULDN'T SPOT ANYTHING. WHAT DID MAJOR CARRON SAY, WILSON?
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, HE NEARLY SNAPPED MY HEAD OFF. HE WANTS A REPORT ON THE MAP REFERENCE, NOT A COMMENTARY ON THE LINE OF MARCH.

AS THE LIEUTENANT ORDERED THE ADVANCE TO BE RESUMED, HE CAUGHT A CYNICAL EXPRESSION ON HIS SERGEANT'S FACE.

CARRON'S ANSWER MUST HAVE MADE ME LOOK PRETTY SMALL. LEACH OBVIOUSLY THINKS I'VE GOT THE WIND UP, AND I DARESAY THE MEN SHARE HIS VIEW.

BUT THE MEN HAD SEEN A LOT MORE ACTIVE SERVICE THAN LEACH, WHO HAD JOINED THE BATTALION JUST BEFORE D-DAY. THEY APPROVED HIS MISTRUST OF THAT WOOD...

LOOK OUT, MISTER GILMORE! JERRIES!

A BLATTER OF SHOTS BARBED THE DARK TREES WITH DARTS OF FLAME. LUCKILY THE BULLETS WHIPPED OVERHEAD—BAR ONE THAT PINGED AGAINST LEACH'S HELMET.
SUFFERING WILDCATS!

THE SERGEANT HAD PEELED OFF A SHRILL YELL, THE YELL OF A MAN ELECTRIFIED WITH ALARM.
RUN FOR IT,' WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! GET OUT OF MY WAY, WILSON!

DAVID GILMORE SAW AT ONCE THAT THE N.C.O'S TERROR THREATENED TO INFECT SOME OF THE MEN.
STOP, SERGEANT— STOP, I SAY!
RUN, YOU FOOLS! RUN!
SHUT UP, DARN YOU!

DAVID GILMORE HAD NO ALTERNATIVE.. HE JABBED WITH THE BUTT OF THE BREN— A SKULL-JOLTING THUD THAT PITCHED THE SERGEANT TO THE DIRT...

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELVES! OPEN FIRE ON THOSE JERRIES!

THE GERMANS WERE PINNING THEM DOWN, METHODICALLY, EFFICIENTLY UNTIL THEY WOULD BE WIPED OUT.

DAVID KNEW THAT TO STAY WOULD BE TO DIE. NOW HE SHOUTED TO THE OTHER TWO SECTIONS OF THE PLATOON...
COME ON! FOLLOW ME!

THE GERMANS WAVERED BEFORE THE FIERCE IMPETUS OF THE ASSAULT AND THE TEMPEST OF LEAD THAT ACCOMPANIED IT...

THEY BROKE AND FLED AND WERE HELPED ON THEIR WAY BY THE CRUMP OF A CLAY GRENADE . . .
NICE WORK, TAFFY!

THE BRITISH STORMED THROUGH THE TREES AFTER THEM, UNTIL DAVID WISELY RAISED A HAND IN A SIGNAL TO PULL UP . . .
HOLD IT, LADS! NO SENSE IN CHARGING BLINDLY THROUGH THESE THICKETS! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE MIGHT BUMP INTO.

HE HAD JUST FINISHED REORGANISING HIS MEN, WHEN THE SECTION THAT HAD COVERED THE ASSAULT LINKED UP WITH THEM...
ARE YOU OKAY, CORPORAL?
YES, SIR. LEASTWAYS, NOTHING MUCH TO WORRY ABOUT. WE BROUGHT SARN'T LEACH WITH US, SIR. HE'S OUT COLD!

THE SUBALTERN PURSED HIS LIPS AS HE GLANCED AT LEACH...
I HAD TO CLOUT HIM. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT HIS SPARKING OFF A PANIC. I NEVER IMAGINED HE'D GO TO PIECES IN AN EMERGENCY, THOUGH...
IT DIDN'T SURPRISE ME, SIR. I WONDERED ABOUT HIM WHEN WE LANDED ON D-DAY. HE HOLLERED A LOT WITH HIS BIG MOUTH—BUT KEPT WELL BACK.

DAVID GILMORE WAS NOT ONE TO SNEER AT A MAN'S LACK OF MORAL FIBRE, HOWEVER. HE KNEW THAT SOME MEN COULD LIVE WITH THEIR FEAR MUCH BETTER THAN OTHERS...
IT'S NOT FOR US TO PASS JUDGEMENT ON HIM. IN ANY CASE THIS WOULDN'T BE THE MOMENT TO DO IT. LISTEN, IN SPITE OF MAJOR CARRON'S INSTRUCTIONS WE'RE GOING TO COMB THIS WOOD — ON *MY* RESPONSIBILITY

DEPLOYING HIS MEN INTO EXTENDED LINE, DAVID GILMORE WARILY LED THE ADVANCE.

Chapter 4. THE TRUTH

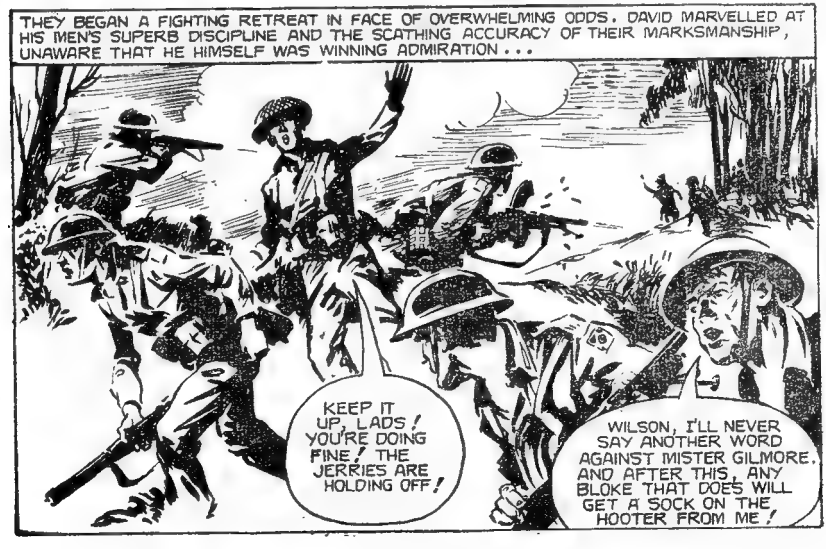
THE MEN NEEDED NO URGING. GRIFFITHS' BREN SET THE TEMPO — HANDLED BY RAFFERTY, NOT TAFFY. TAFFY LAY DEAD. WITH RAGE CHURNING IN HIM, HIS STOCKY LITTLE COMRADE EXACTED VENGEANCE...

TAKE THAT, YOU MURDERING SWINE!

THE GERMANS WITHDREW. YET IT WAS SOON PLAIN THEY WERE NO ISOLATED GROUP. COAL-SCUTTLE HELMETS BOBBED INTO VIEW AND GREY-CLAD FIGURES WERE SEEN MOMENTARILY BEFORE DROPPING INTO COVER...

LOOK, THERE'S ANOTHER BUNCH OF 'EM! WORKING ROUND TO OUT-FLANK US ON THE LEFT!

THE LIEUTENANT FULLY REALISED NOW THAT THE GERMANS WHO HAD INITIALLY FIRED ON THEM HAD MERELY BEEN A SCOUTING PARTY FOR A CONSIDERABLE ENEMY FORCE. CLEARLY, HE AND HIS MEN HAD TO GET OUT—AND FAST!
BACK OFF! WE'LL BE BOTTLED UP IF WE DON'T!


THEY BEGAN A FIGHTING RETREAT IN FACE OF OVERWHELMING ODDS. DAVID MARVELLED AT HIS MEN'S SUPERB DISCIPLINE AND THE SCATHING ACCURACY OF THEIR MARKSMANSHIP, UNAWARE THAT HE HIMSELF WAS WINNING ADMIRATION...
KEEP IT UP, LADS! YOU'RE DOING FINE! THE JERRIES ARE HOLDING OFF!
WILSON, I'LL NEVER SAY ANOTHER WORD AGAINST MISTER GILMORE. AND AFTER THIS, ANY BLOKE THAT DOES WILL GET A SOCK ON THE HOOTER FROM ME!

BUT TIME WAS RUNNING OUT FOR 14 PLATOON, FOR SUDDENLY THERE WAS AN OUTBURST OF FIRING *TO THE REAR* OF THE BRITISH RECONNAISSANCE-PATROL!
AAARGH!
MISTER GILMORE! WE'RE HEMMED IN!

A FURTHER BODY OF GERMANS HAD EFFECTED A RAPID DETOUR THROUGH THE BOCAGE TO BLOCK THE LINE OF RETREAT. SURROUNDED, DAVID GILMORE AND HIS MEN FLUNG THEMSELVES DOWN AGAIN...
WILSON, GET MAJOR CARRON ON THAT WIRELESS SET! REPORT OUR SITUATION AND TELL HIM WE —
THE SENTENCE WAS LEFT UNFINISHED; A BULLET FOUND WILSON, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY...

THE WOOD RANG TO THE TUMULT OF THAT FINAL CLASH, A CLOSE-QUARTER COMBAT, THE OUTCOME OF WHICH WAS INEVITABLE. ALL AROUND HIM DAVID GILMORE'S MEN FELL BEFORE CRUSHING ODDS, BATTLING VALIANTLY TO THE LAST...

ONLY THREE MEN REMAINED WHEN THE MELEE REACHED ITS INEVITABLE CONCLUSION — LIEUTENANT GILMORE, RAFFERTY AND THE WOUNDED SERGEANT LEACH... OBERLEUTNANT KRAMER CAME UP TO THE BRITISH OFFICER AND ADDRESSED HIM IN ENGLISH...
THINK YOURSELF FORTUNATE I SPARED YOU, ENGLANDER. IF YOU'RE WISE YOU'LL SHOW YOUR GRATITUDE BY PROVIDING INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR UNIT AND ITS INTENTIONS.
NOT LIKELY! ACCORDING TO THE ARTICLES OF WAR I'M OBLIGED TO GIVE YOU MY NAME, RANK AND NUMBER — NOTHING ELSE! YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS I DO!

KRAMER SAID NOTHING TO THIS LAST OUTBURST. HE TURNED TO HIS SUBORDINATES AND AT HIS BIDDING SEVERAL OF THEM CLOSED IN ON THE BRITISH LIEUTENANT AND MARCHED HIM TO THE EDGE OF THE BOCAGE, WHERE THE GERMAN OFFICER PRESENTLY JOINED THEM...

NOW, ENGLANDER... DO YOU TALK, OR DO I GIVE MY MEN THE ORDER TO SHOOT?

GO AHEAD AND GIVE THE ORDER, YOU'LL GET NO INFORMATION FROM ME!

KRAMER FACED THE MEN LINED UP BESIDE HIM. A WORD FROM HIM, AND THEY TRIGGERED THEIR WEAPONS — IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SKY!

FEUER!

UNDER THE SMOKE-SWIRL OF THE HARMLESS DISCHARGE, THE OBERLEUTNANT STRODE FORWARD, BECKONING THE FIRING-SQUAD AFTER HIM.

YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN. SOMEHOW, I AM GLAD IT HAS PROVED SO. BUT I STILL WANT DETAILS OF YOUR UNIT, AND THIS LITTLE COMEDY I HAVE ENACTED MAY HELP ME TO SECURE THEM

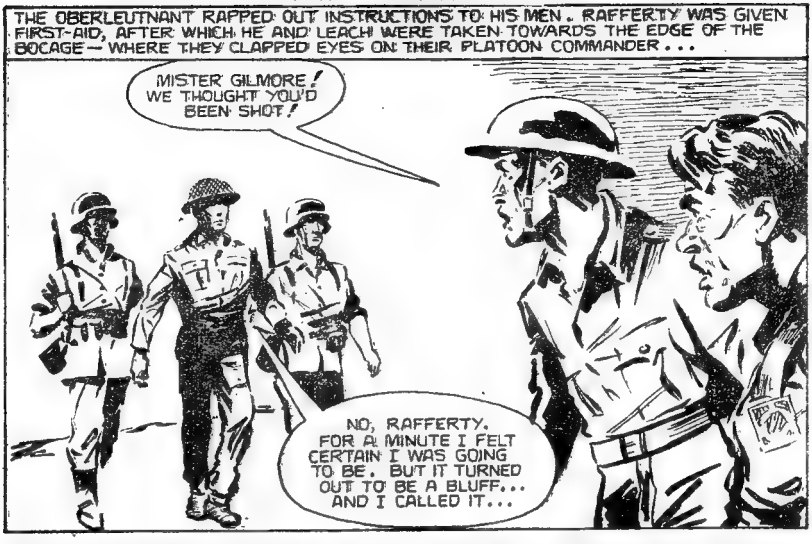
HE UTTERED A SERIES OF COMMANDS IN GERMAN. DAVID GILMORE WAS PROMPTLY SEIZED AND A HAND WAS CLAPPED OVER HIS MOUTH. HE LOOKED AT KRAMER UNCOMPREHENDINGLY AS THE OBERLEUTNANT APOLOGISED...
I REGRET IT IS NECESSARY TO MANHANDLE YOU, BUT I MUST ENSURE YOU ARE KEPT QUIET.

WITH THAT THE NAZI OFFICER RETRACED HIS STEPS INTO THE RECESSES OF THE WOOD, NOT PAUSING TILL HE HAD RE-JOINED THE REMAINDER OF HIS MEN AND THE OTHER TWO SURVIVORS OF 14 PLATOON....
I THOUGHT YOUR LIEUTENANT MIGHT SUBMIT TO QUESTIONING IF YOU WEREN'T PRESENT TO WITNESS HIS HUMILIATION AND CAUSE HIM EMBARRASSMENT. BUT HE WAS STUBBORN. YOU HEARD THE RESULT OF COURSE.
WE HEARD! YOU MURDERING DEVIL! YOU COLD-BLOODED BUTCHER!

KRAMER TOOK DUE NOTE OF RAFFERTY'S SAVAGE DEFIANCE. THIS ONE WOULDN'T BREAK, HE MUSED. BUT THE OTHER..? A PALPITATING CREATURE, UNWORTHY OF THE STRIPES HE WORE— OBVIOUSLY BESIDE HIMSELF WITH DREAD...
I THINK I'LL DEAL WITH YOU NEXT, SERGEANT. COME, ON YOUR FEET—
NO! WAIT! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW! DON'T TAKE ME AWAY TO BE SHOT! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING... EVERYTHING!

RAFFERTY SHOUTED IN VIOLENT PROTEST, BUT AT A SIGN FROM KRAMER WAS DRAGGED AWAY... AND LEACH TOLD EVERYTHING... DISCLOSING ALL IN AN EXTREMITY OF ABJECT TERROR...
YOU FLAMING TURNCOAT, LEACH! YOU MISERABLE, WHITE-LIVERED TURNCOAT!
PAY NO HEED TO THE RANTING OF YOUR COMRADE, SERGEANT. CONTACT YOUR COMPANY COMMANDER AND GIVE HIM THE ALL-CLEAR. QUICKLY, DO AS I SAY—IF YOU WISH TO STAY ALIVE! AND NO TRICKS, UNDERSTAND?

THE SERGEANT OBEYED TREMBLINGLY. THE FATAL MESSAGE WAS TRANSMITTED AND ACKNOWLEDGED — ACKNOWLEDGED BY MAJOR CARRON IN PERSON.
EXCELLENT... NOW MY MEN WILL POST THEMSELVES. YOU AND YOUR COMRADE WILL GO WITH THEM FOR THE TIME BEING, WHILE I CONTACT THE REST OF MY COMBAT-GROUP AND ITS SUPPORT-ARTILLERY. STIR YOURSELF, SERGEANT. SCHNELL!


THE OBERLEUTNANT RAPPED OUT INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS MEN. RAFFERTY WAS GIVEN FIRST-AID, AFTER WHICH HE AND LEACH WERE TAKEN TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE BOCAGE — WHERE THEY CLAPPED EYES ON THEIR PLATOON COMMANDER...
MISTER GILMORE! WE THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN SHOT!
NO, RAFFERTY. FOR A MINUTE I FELT CERTAIN I WAS GOING TO BE. BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE A BLUFF... AND I CALLED IT...

BRIEFLY THE SUBALTERN RELATED WHAT HAD OCCURRED. RAFFERTY'S CONTEMPT FOR LEACH REASSERTED ITSELF THEN, OVER AND ABOVE HIS THANKFULNESS AT THE SAFETY OF AN OFFICER HE'D COME TO RESPECT... THE SERGEANT WAS CLOSE TO TEARS. HIS VOICE WAS THREADED WITH A PLAINTIVE WHINE...
LEACH DIDN'T CALL THAT NAZI'S BLUFF, SIR! HE BLABBED! WHAT'S MORE, HE REPORTED IT WAS OKAY FOR THE BATTALION TO ADVANCE! HE TOLD MAJOR CARRON —
CARRON! HE'S TO BLAME FOR EVERYTHING! HE SAID OVER THE WIRELESS HE'D JUST DISCOVERED HE'D GIVEN YOU THE WRONG MAP REFERENCE, MISTER GILMORE! THIS WAS THE AREA WE SHOULD HAVE RECONNOITRED ANYWAY!

AT THIS LAST PIECE OF INFORMATION FROM THE WRETCHED SERGEANT LEACH, DAVID GILMORE THOUGHT BITTERLY HOW HASTY HE HAD BEEN . . .

IF ONLY I'D KNOWN, WE'D STILL BE UP ON THE RIDGE . . . WATCHING THE BOCAGE, GIVING IT THE ATTENTION IT DESERVED. WE'D HAVE BEEN BOUND TO SEE THE GERMANS MOVING THROUGH IT IN FORCE . . .

YET REGRETS AND RECRIMINATIONS COULD SERVE NO PURPOSE, AND THE LIEUTENANT HAD A PURPOSE. THE NAZI INFANTRYMEN WERE ENGROSSED IN SELECTING HIDING-PLACES, AND HE THOUGHT HE SAW HIS CHANCE . . .

SUDDENLY, HE CANNONED INTO THE GERMAN KNOWN AS SCHULZ AND KNOCKED HIM SPRAWLING WITH A SHOULDER CHARGE . . .

IT WAS A FORLORN THOUSAND-TO-ONE CHANCE, BUT HE COUNTED IT WORTH THE RISK.

RUN FOR IT!

SEIZING HIS CHANCE, RAFFERTY BOUNDED AFTER HIS OFFICER AS SCHULZ STAGGERED TO HIS FEET AND SNAPPED OFF A HURRIED SHOT.

THE BULLET LASHED INTO DAVID. HE STUMBLED UNDER ITS IMPACT, AND CALLED TO RAFFERTY GASPINGLY...
KEEP GOING! DON'T MIND ME! GET THROUGH TO THE BATTALION ...WARN COLONEL FRASER ...WARN HIM...

AND NOW HE FACED ABOUT AND TOTTERED TOWARDS SCHULTZ, TRYING TO COVER RAFFERTY'S ESCAPE BY INTERPOSING HIMSELF BETWEEN HIM AND THE GERMAN . . .
KEEP GOING, HE SAID! AND THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO! HE'S THROWING AWAY HIS LIFE TO GIVE ME AN EVEN BREAK . . .

ONLY, THERE WAS NO EVEN BREAK FOR RAFFERTY. EVEN AS DAVID GILMORE FELL DEAD, A FUSILLADE OF GERMAN BULLETS SCYTHED AROUND THE LITTLE EX-BATMAN.

A SLUG CLIPPED THE SIDE OF RAFFERTY'S HEAD. HE KNEW NO MORE . . . UNTIL HE AWOKE TO THE SOUND OF VOICES . . .
YOU MEAN YOU'RE TURNING ME LOOSE ?
PRECISELY. . . BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE INVOLVED IN SENDING YOU BACK TO FALAISE AS A PRISONER. . . AND BECAUSE THE SIGHT OF YOU TURNS MY STOMACH ! GET OUT !

LEACH SLUNK OFF. LATER, WHEN NIGHT FELL, RAFFERTY CREPT AWAY ON THE FIRST STAGE OF A LONG AND PAINFUL JOURNEY . . . TO THE BRITISH LINES, A CASUALTY CLEARING STATION — AND AT LAST TO THAT COURT OF INQUIRY . . .
THAT'S MY STORY AND IT HAD TO BE TOLD — TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT. I HEARD SLANDERING RUMOURS ABOUT MISTER GILMORE AT THE CASUALTY CLEARING STATION, BUT YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ME HE FOUGHT AND DIED LIKE A HERO.

THERE WAS NO DOUBTING RAFFERTY'S EVIDENCE WHEN LEACH AND CARRON WERE RECALLED. GUILTY CONSTERNATION WAS STAMPED ON THEIR FEATURES AS THEY RECOGNISED HIM, AND NOT SURPRISINGLY, LEACH WILTED UNDER INTERROGATION . . .

NONE IN THE COURT-ROOM EVER KNEW IT, BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT A GERMAN OFFICER WAS CARRYING OUT A RITUAL WHICH WOULD HAVE ENDORSED RAFFERTY'S TESTIMONY — IF ANY SUPPORTING EVIDENCE HAD BEEN NEEDED . . .

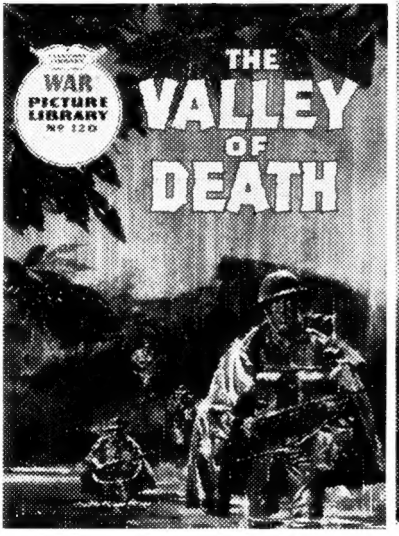
Printed in England by Messrs. Percy Brothers Ltd., Manchester 1, and published each month by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd.; Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.
6/11/61

ALSO ON SALE NOW

FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

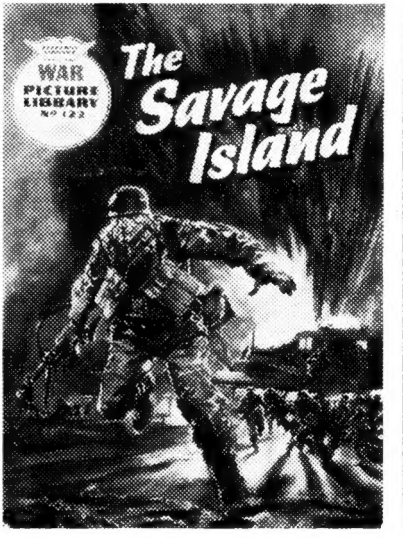
WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 120.—THE VALLEY OF DEATH



One man's foolishness jeopardised the success of ' Operation Broadway ' and the price had to be paid—in blood !

No. 122.—THE SAVAGE ISLAND



Across the breadth of war-torn Crete they hauled their gun . . . four men against the might of Hitler's Paratroop Corps.

ALSO ON SALE NOW :—

No. 123.—VULTURE IN THE NEST

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale December 4th, are :—

No. 124.—LUCKY STRIKE
No. 125.—THE TASTE OF FEAR
No. 126.—THE FIRES OF HATE
No. 127.—DIVIDED WE FALL

LARGE ALBUM

& Stamp Collection

ALL ONLY 1/- WORTH 5/6

1. LARGE ILLUSTRATED STAMP ALBUM. Spaces for thousands of stamps from all over the world. Interesting "extras" include coloured reproductions of great rarities; photos of famous collectors. Better than albums sold for 2/- to 3/6 everywhere.

2. IMPORTED COLLECTION OF STAMPS. Exciting issues! FIRST SPACEMAN STAMP. MONACO — Grace Kelly Wedding. FRENCH ANTARCTICA — Fantastic new country. RED CHINA — Liberation Imperforate. ESTONIA—Nazi Occupation. GREECE—Earthquake. SPAIN—Hungarian Revolt. NAZI—Military Airmail. Dozens of other fascinating and unusual stamps from all over the world. Totals 58 different stamps — enough for an interesting start to this great hobby.

3. PLANET MAIL SHEET AND BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE SHEET. 2 smashing souvenirs (not stamps) that will be the prizes of your collection!

ALL 3 LOTS—REGULAR VALUE 5/6—YOURS FOR JUST 1/- TO INTRODUCE OUR BARGAIN APPROVALS. ***(APPROVALS ARE STAMPS SENT TO YOU FOR FREE INSPECTION. BUY WHAT YOU WANT. RETURN THE REST IN 14 DAYS.)***

SEND 1/- TODAY. ASK FOR LOT P5. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

I enclose 1/-. Rush me the Lot P5 Stamp Album and Souvenir Sheets. Also a selection of Bargain Approvals for free examination.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

SEND COUPON TODAY TO:

BROADWAY APPROVALS,

50, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

Please tell your parents you are replying to this advertisement